

THE CARMELITE

OCTOBER 16, 1930

FIVE CENTS

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME III
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This Issue in Miniature

TOWN TOPICS. The Highlands zoning ordinance, Woman's Club, Church notes, etc.

MUSIC. Folk-songs of Norway, France and Holland: a recital by Ann Mathea; reservations for the Music Society season, page four.

THEATRE. "Quality Street" moves to the Golden Bough; discouraging attendance at a Drama Guild play-reading: Edward Kuster's column, page five.

POETRY. A Carmel carpenter in "The New Republic"—"Orpheus and the Ether," by John Malta, page nine; "Poetry" attains its eighteenth birthday, page twelve.

TO STEM THE TIDE. The Carmelite announces a contest; down with reading, up with literacy; page two.

OVER THE HORIZON. Ella Winter surveys the Russian scene: the Five Year Plan in operation; Virginia Tooker (Mrs. Imre Weiss Haus) transplanted in Budapest, page six.

GULCH NOTES. Introducing a new department by Orrick Johns; comment and criticism on the passing show, page eight.

ROMANCE OF "THE ROAD." Frank Sheridan continues to go "broke" in "Strands," page ten.

BATTLE ROYAL. An open letter to Perry Newberry. "The language of truth is simple"; page three.

BOOKS. Latest titles at the Harrison Memorial Library, page thirteen.

YOUTH. The children of Carmel have their say in The Carmelite Junior, page fifteen.



LINOLEUM CUT BY ANDRE JOHNSTONE.

A CORNER OF THE SUN TEMPLE OF THE CLIFF-DWELLING INDIANS, MESA VERDE.

*Sun in the stone. . .
Warms back at you when you
break it.
Summers and winters and springs
And records of flood
Footsteps and vertebrae locked
And protected from time.*

*Sun in the stone
And love in the face of the earth
For those who can see it.
Love of the singing mother
Love of the lover.*

Sun in the Stone
by Dora Hagemeyer

*Life in the stone
The mirror of days forgotten
Pleasure and work and pain
Of man and the creatures of earth
Locked in the heart of the stone.*

*Peace in the stone
The peace that is everlasting
Permanent peace in the rock
God in the stone.*

Carmel News

COUNTY ZONING

The county zoning ordinance, passed by the board of supervisors on October sixth, has been published during the week in the "Monterey Peninsula Herald." Although styled a county measure, its immediate application is to Carmel Highlands and the Point, passage of the ordinance having been brought about largely through the initiative of residents of those two areas.

Ten zones are created, enumerated as follows:

- R-1—Limited Residential.
- R-2—Agricultural-Residential.
- R-4—Unlimited Residential.
- C-1—Restricted Commercial.
- C-3—Unrestricted Commercial.
- M-1—Restricted Manufacturing.
- M-2—Intermediate Manufacturing.
- M-3—Unrestricted Manufacturing.

A detailed analysis of the ordinance insofar as it pertains to the environs of Carmel will appear in the next issue of *The Carmelite*.

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

Subscriptions are daily coming in for the winter series of concerts to be given by the Carmel Music Society. Mrs. Paul Flanders, chairman of the ticket committee, returns from Chicago the end of this week, and any time thereafter, seats may be selected from a chart in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

The splendid nature of the attractions

is receiving comment everywhere. Giesecking, perhaps the world's greatest pianist, opens the series on November eleventh, to be followed in January by the Aguilar Lute Quartet, in February by Mina Hager, contralto, and in March by Piatigorsky, the master-celist.

The concerts will be given in the Theatre of the Golden Bough as formerly. Last year's season-ticket holders who desire the same seats should telephone or call at the Gallery as soon as possible.

CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

The Current Events section of the Carmel Woman's Club held its first meeting of the year on Wednesday, October fifteenth at ten o'clock.

Coming events of the Woman's Club are the meeting of the Book Section next Wednesday, the Garden Section on Thursday, October twenty-third, and the Music Appreciation group on October twenty-fifth.

Last Friday, Mrs. E. L. Taylor, vice-president of the club, entertained the executive board of the Federated Missionary Society at her home on Lincoln street.

COOKING vs. REDUCING

The adult evening school at Roseville, California, offered courses in cooking to housewives of the city. It also offered a women's gymnasium class, with dancing, swimming and reducing exercises. Registrations to date are:

- Reducing course, 67.
- Cooking, 2.

The Carmelite Prize Contest

Is there any intelligent person who does not sometimes wish that she or he had never read anything in his or her life? We often have a sneaking notion that we might have really known more if we had never looked into books. The disadvantage of the illiterate person seems to be that he seldom realizes how much he does know.

Anyway, *The Carmelite* will offer a prize of one year's subscription to any

person who will not read anything or hear anything read for a month, and who will then write us an article describing the advantages of no reading. If the winner likes it so well as to decide to keep on not reading, *The Carmelite* will be sent to any friend he or she designates.

But this is a serious offer. And it ought to be an interesting psychological experiment for any enterprising person.

THE CARMELITE, OCTOBER 16, 1930 DOES PREJUDICE PREVENT PEACE?

On Sunday evening the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom held its first meeting of the club year at the home of Miss Clara N. Kellogg, with Miss Eleanor Abercrombie as president and Miss Mary Bulkeley leading the discussion. If this was a sample of what is to come, it behooves everyone who is interested in the United States and its relations with other countries to attend and share in these programs.

For this meeting Miss Bulkley had prepared a most interesting game, which gave each an opportunity to judge to what extent his thinking is controlled by prejudice or by knowledge.

Several plans for the year were submitted and it was decided to make a thorough study of the League of Nations its organization, the work of its many branches, what has been accomplished so far and what they are now working to accomplish. Since radio has brought our European neighbors within speaking distance, it is time that we should concern ourselves with their problems as well as our own.

H. B.

JAPANESE RECITAL IN MONTEREY

The Japanese Church in Monterey, place of worship for the Japanese fishing community, has been making a brave struggle to pay off the debt incurred in the building of their church. As a part of the effort to aid the building fund, a song recital will be given at eight o'clock Saturday evening of this week, at the Monterey grammar school hall, by Takane Nambu, Japanese soprano, in national costume. Edward C. Hopkins will be at the piano.

Madame Nambu was for three seasons a member of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, singing the leading roles in "Madame Butterfly," "Iris," "L'Oracola" and other operas.

Rev. Albert E. Clay will make the opening address. Madame Nambu's program will include arias from the Italian operas, English and German songs, and two especially interesting groups of Japanese folk songs, among them several of her own composition.

COUNCIL MEETING

The City Council will meet in adjourned session Friday evening at eight o'clock. Several matters which have been before the Council recently, none of outstanding importance, will be considered.

AN OPEN LETTER TO PERRY NEWBERRY

(For the benefit of the uninitiate, Mr. Newberry is half-owner, half-editor, and half-publisher of the weekly "Pine Cone," also published in Carmel.)

DEAR PERRY:

Your characteristic diatribe in last week's "Pine Cone" was not unexpected; it has been inevitable since it was shown at the October meeting of the City Council that The Carmelite had outbid you once again on city printing.

If it were not for the aspersions you have stooped to cast upon two members of the Council, I would let your outburst pass, as I have let similar revelations of your kindly spirit pass, unnoticed. We are told that you are a sick man, Perry, and for that reason I have avoided verbal tilts with you even as I would avoid physical tilts with a man many years my elder—and ill.

But illness—physical or mental—cannot excuse despicable tricks such as you called to your assistance to bolster up a case which you had not the courage to present truthfully. The implication that members of the Council have shown favoritism to The Carmelite where city funds entrusted to their care are involved is unworthy of a man whom Carmel has treated so kindly.

You "took the public into your confidence," as you say; why not add that that in doing so you showed Truth out at the door. The facts are simple enough—and are known to you.

In September 1929, when The Carmelite had reached the end of its tether under a former ownership, and discontinuance was under consideration, a group of people came forward and provided the means for carrying the paper over a difficult period. There were twenty-six people in that group, a splendidly representative cross-section of Carmel. They did not become owners of the paper—such was not their intention or desire—and none has ever exercised or sought to exercise any control.

Seven months later two members of that group—Miss Clara N. Kellogg and Herbert Heron—announced their candidacy for the Council. They were not supported by The Carmelite; the paper remained neutral, although far from uninterested, giving equal publicity to all candidates. That is a matter of record. The "Pine Cone" did support those two candidates, bestowing generous and de-

served praise. That, too, is a matter of record.

Following their election, both Miss Kellogg and Mr. Heron severed their connection with the Carmelite group formed in September, to obviate any question of their being affiliated even remotely with either of the local papers, one of which necessarily would have contractual relations with the City Council.

When Miss Kellogg and Mr. Heron assumed office, they took an oath. Now, by inference, they are accused of violating that oath. If you were to be taken seriously, Perry, it would be a question of your underhanded tactics *versus* their standing in this community. Do you flatter yourself that *they* need defense?

* * *

It is patent to me, Perry, that you have been doing a little quiet figuring and it has finally dawned upon you that The Carmelite has outbid you the same as we did last year. It's aggravating, no doubt, to launch a one-man price war, to slash your bid right to the bone—and then find your competitor down to the marrow.

But why not take it out on a slide-rule; why on the Council? If either paper has with justification a bone to pick with the Council, it should be The Carmelite. The contract for legal advertising expired in June. Strictly speaking bids should have been called for in May and opened at the June meeting of the Council. With the election and consequent readjustment, the matter was overlooked and bids were not received until July.

In your outbreak of last week, Perry, you neglected to mention that you had a bid in at that July meeting. That bid over your signature *guaranteed* that the "Pine Cone" was then eligible, but there was no business representative of the "Pine Cone" present to substantiate the statement. And the Council had some questions to ask. Odd, isn't it, that Mr. Garrott is available to chase a dozen blocks after a one-inch advertisement but could not be present when the largest single advertisement contract awarded annually in Carmel was under discussion.

You were unrepresented for good reason and do you think for a moment that the Council is or was not sufficiently intelligent to see your reason? You were unrepresented because your so-called guarantee could not be substantiated; you were stalling for time. The Council knew it; you knew it, and I knew it.

There is on file in the Town Hall a written opinion from City Attorney

The indulgence of readers is requested for cluttering up The Carmelite with this sort of thing. Silence might have been misconstrued.

Campbell to the effect that prior to August thirtieth, The Carmelite was the only Carmel paper eligible under the law to bid for the city printing this year. Yet, the Council again gave consideration to your bid at its August meeting; again you were unrepresented when the matter was taken up. And again for good reason; you were stalling for time, and the Council knew; you knew it, and I knew it. (True, Garrott came to that meeting after he was called by telephone. Has he told you of the verbal spanking he got?)

By September you had qualified; you went into the October meeting with a bid bearing no possible relation to anything you had charged when you had a monopoly, and you found that The Carmelite had anticipated your bid and gone just a fraction lower. The Council—or rather two members of it—are blamed by you and those two members did more than the other three combined to carry the matter over so that you could come forward with a legitimate bid. Quite rightly, they wanted free bidding, they wanted the lowest price they could get for the city. It is my impression that the Council approved of your objective but highly disapproved of the way you set about to attain it. If you had come before the Council with a clean-cut admission that you were not qualified to bid in July and August—which you were not—but that you would be qualified in September, then I do not think there would have been a moment's hesitation in postponing the matter. Most certainly we would have entered no objection. Instead of that you resorted to subterfuge, offering a "guarantee" that could not be substantiated, and then when it's held open for you and you are outbid in the end, you vent your spite on the Council.

I have no criticism to make of the Council—on the contrary, I have to compliment them on being exceptionally good shoppers with the city's money. I stated in open meeting that I had no desire to win the award on a technicality to the exclusion of competition; so long as it was held that we alone were eligible when bids first were called for and that the "Pine Cone" during July and August was before the Council through subterfuge, then I was willing to waive my unquestionable rights and throw the

(Continued on page four)

AN OPEN LETTER

contract open to bidding.

Magnanimous? Not in the least. Merely good business. The Carmelite believes in competition. How could it be otherwise when The Carmelite is the competition in this field? The Carmelite broke your strangle-hold on the legal advertising; we knocked your prices galley-west last year and we've done it again this year. Can you be so egocentric as to miss the humor of your prating about saving the city money?

* * *

Your public-spirited *ad interim* offer covering the present month is, of course, merely an idle gesture. If you are as

(Prior to this year, bids were on the basis of the column inch. To eliminate the factor arising from the difference between the column width of the "Pine Cone" and The Carmelite, bidding has now been placed on the basis of the square inch. For comparative purposes, the rates charged in previous years are calculated on the square inch. The formula is simple: one column inch in the "Pine Cone" is the exact equivalent of two square inches; one column inch in The Carmelite equals two and one-half square inches.)

PINE CONE RATES BEFORE THE CARMELITE WAS ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE:

1929—

	1st Insertion	2nd Insertion	Average
"Pine Cone"	0.45	0.30	0.37½
The Carmelite	0.40	0.25	0.32½

1930—

"Pine Cone"	0.36	0.24	0.30
The Carmelite	0.17½	0.17½	0.17½
	0.19½	0.15	0.17¼

What are we to believe: that the "Pine Cone's" latest bid (averaging a quarter-cent higher than The Carmelite's) represents an act of charity; or, that the "Pine Cone" gouged the city to a fare-thee-well when it had the field to itself?

JOE COUGHLIN
Publisher of The Carmelite

**DENNY
WATROUS**

GALLERY

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE DOLORES STREET CARMEL

ANN MATHEA
NORWEGIAN SOPRANO

**NORWEGIAN
FRENCH
DUTCH
FOLK SONGS
IN COSTUME**

**ASSISTED BY SHIBLEY BOYES, PIANIST
TUES. EVE., OCT. 21 AT 8:30**

EXCLUSIVE MANAGEMENT NATIONAL MUSIC LEAGUE, INC., N. Y.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS BY HENRIETTA SHORE

THE CARMELITE: Printed and published weekly, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. J. A. COUGHLIN, Editor and Publisher. Entered as second-class matter February 21, 1928, at the

(Continued from page three)

well-informed as in your position you should be, then you know that nothing was passed for publication at the last meeting of the Council. Therefore the Council will "squander" on The Carmelite this month a little less than nothing at all. You're welcome to all that you can save on that.

One more little matter and I am done. You state that in 1929 the "Pine Cone" was low bidder and lost only on a technicality. Lapse of memory here? I prefer to think of that statement as an error, although there is a shorter word that I will apply if necessary. Let comparative figures tell the story:

THE CARMELITE, OCTOBER 16, 1930

**ANN MATHEA, SOPRANO, IN
FOLK SONG RECITAL**

On Tuesday evening, October twenty-first, Ann Mathea, the Norwegian soprano, will give a costume-recital of Norwegian, Dutch and French folk songs in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Ann Mathea was born in Norway and educated in France, appearing in recital in Paris and the other more important European cities, and in this country in Boston, New York, Washington, Chicago, Minneapolis and Philadelphia.

Not only a lovely voice, but a most interesting presentation of the background of her songs does Miss Mathea give in her recitals. The following comment from Westerly, Rhode Island, gives a very good description of a Mathea evening:

"All were true folk songs, unchanged and unchanging, which have been handed down for generations, and were full of the joys and sorrows of life of an everyday people, of love of boy and girl, of lullabies, of going to the fair, of the calling of the cows and of the shepherds' songs. The Norwegian 'Echo Song,' sung without accompaniment, with the voices of the milkmaids calling the cattle home from wandering across the valleys, was beautifully done."

"Miss Mathea possesses a lovely voice, full and sweet, which made an instant appeal. There was no effort, no straining for effect. The voice was there—and she sang, with a trueness and simplicity quite unusual."

Ann Mathea will be assisted by Shibley Boyes, pianist, who will play two groups of solos. The program follows:

Norwegian—

Jesus Kristus
Song of the Huldré
The Last Farewell
Norwegian Echo Song
ANN MATHEA

The Children's Corner Debussy
SHIBLEY BOYES

French—

Bergerettes (by Wickerlin)
SlumberSong
Avec Mes Sabots
ANN MATHEA

The Punch and Judy Show Goosens
The Music Box Goosens
The Clog Dance Howard Hanson
SHIBLEY BOYES

Dutch—

Marleentje
Losjes, Losjes
Kermislied
ANN MATHEA

The Theatre

By EDWARD KUSTER

In this hour I have come from one of the Drama Guild meetings at Arts and Crafts Hall. Under the direction of Gloria Newell, of the play-reading committee, group-readings were had of Thornton Wilder's "The Penny That Beauty Spent," Molnar's "A Matter of Husbands," and Strindberg's "The Stronger." Over in the Playhouse we had adjourned the rehearsal of "Quality Street" in order that the cast might enjoy these sparkling playlets. Outside of this cast and the several readers there were but fourteen people present! There was no admission charge, so Hard Times furnish no explanation for this sad state of affairs. There were no counter-attractions of importance, now that the Caounty Fayre is over and the Largest Sardine in the World and the Largest Litter of Pigs and the Largest This and That are all safely put away for another year. Lack of adequate publicity? I hardly think so, unless The Carmelite, "Pine Cone" and the "Peninsula Herald" count for naught. The weather? Perfect. Then what's the trouble? I pose the question—I don't pretend to be able to give an answer.

* * *

The leading man for "Quality Street," like the Blue Bird of Happiness, was among us all the time! No other than Charles McGrath, who had been playing the recruiting sergeant so to the king's taste that it didn't occur to us until almost too late that he might portray the "straight" character of the gallant Captain Valentine Brown with equal effect. McGrath, Constance Heron and Marie Gordon present a delightful ensemble. **WANTED**—A Recruiting Sergeant; only thirty lines—a two-minute role!

* * *

This was to have been the third article on Komisarjevsky's "Myself and the Theatre." With fourteen people attending the Drama Guild's evening of plays, can I be blamed for doubting if the public in general cares very much what Komisarjevsky or anybody else has to say about the Theatre. Instead of outlining his brilliant analysis of the distinction between the imaginative actor and the "stagey" one, I shall quote verbatim the concluding passage of his work, an excerpt from a letter written by the author's aged father to the author's sister Vera, later to become Russia's greatest actress:

"You are standing on the banks of a stagnant pond and you suffer because

it is never drained. [Komisarjevsky *pere* was writing of the Darkest Russia of his own day, and not, of course, of our up-and-coming time and place.] You ought to have known beforehand that you would not be exactly happy doing the work you have undertaken, and that you would never see the results of it yourself. . . . You have the choice of two things: rich meals in the company of a pack of gluttons, or, as the result of sincere work which in itself will raise against you a host of opportunists who thrive in the stagnation of the theatrical quagmire, a solitude in which you will often go hungry and a road through life which does not lead along the path of enjoyment but of happiness. If you feel unable to make the sacrifice, you must either leave the stage or make up your mind to join the ranks of the servants of Mammon."

* * *

Arrangements are being made for producing "Quality Street" on Saturday and Sunday, November first and second, at the *Theatre of the Golden Bough*. The third act will be played upon the fore-stage—it will be the swan song, as it were, of the much-discussed forestage, for the incoming motion picture lessees are planning to remove it shortly and replace it with additional seats.

THE DRAMA GUILD

One of the most enjoyable of the Drama Guild meetings yet enjoyed by members was held last Tuesday evening in Arts and Crafts Hall. Three one-act plays

were read under the direction of Gloria Stuart, assisted by a group of very capable readers.

In the first play, Thornton Wilder's "The Penny That Beauty Spent," Miss Jean McCarthy read the lines of La Gracile, Jerry Felton those of the Jeweler while Paol March interpreted the role of Quinte. The use of effective costume, lighting and stage effects made this number more of a true dramatization than a play-reading.

Molnar's "The Matter of Husbands" was the second play read, being given by Gloria Stuart and Jean McCarthy. Taking the part of the suave, clever actress, Gloria Stuart read her lines effectively, presenting the contrast of her character with that of the earnest young wife.

August Strindberg's "The Stronger" was next read, with Gloria Stuart portraying the role of the single woman, Madame Y, and Blanche Tolmie reading the lines of the married actress, Madame X. Miss Tolmie did an outstanding piece of work, portraying with real feeling the character of the wife who had derived her strength and sustained her husband's love through learning from the woman who was her enemy.

The next Guild meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, October twenty-eighth, with the evening devoted to *commedia*. At the next play-reading evening, Mrs. O. W. Bardarson will present, in group-reading, "Death Takes a Holiday."

A. M. B.

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PHONE 390

**A BUDAPEST LETTER
 FROM VIRGINIA TOOKER**

Mrs. Imre Weisshaus, the former Virginia Tooker, will be remembered by readers of The Carmelite. She lived in Carmel until a year ago and contributed drawings and articles to these columns. She is now living in Budapest with her husband, studying art and learning to speak Hungarian.

Imre Weisshaus is a young modern composer and pianist of striking individuality. He stayed in Carmel for some time and his concerts were a rare feature of past music seasons.

In a letter to a Carmel friend, characteristically illustrated by vivid drawings, Mrs. Weisshaus says in part:

"This is a place where a lot of people are all getting along quite well without even knowing whether California is in the U. S. or Mexico. I always thought Hungarians would all be something alike—a sort of racial group, but they are quite as different as any hundred Americans together.

"Imre went yesterday to Mondee, near Salzburg, Austria, to give a couple of concerts at the Austro-American Conservatory which Mrs. Carter of the Hollywood Bowl has organized. Some distinguished people like Stokowsky and Max Reinhardt are on the staff.

"There was a painter in Paris, and a sculptor, cousins, whom you ought to know. Perhaps you remember their work among Imre's collection—Lajos and Pista Beothy. The ones of Lajos were on parchment, wavy lines like people in motion, and painted with tempera on the reverse side so that the color only showed as depth, hardly as color at all. Lajos is a person who surely is going to be discovered sometime after his death from starvation, and bought by thousands. I never saw such stuff. Imre and I spent hours past midnight in his little hole with him, they talking Hungarian and I looking through the stacks of portfolios. He has his stuff organized in small groups of ten or so works done on wrapping paper or scraps, and mounted and dated. Each group was one problem worked out sometimes in twenty-five ways, covering a period of several years, all different mediums, each one changed, each one complete, each one part of a process.

"He works in the daytime as a carpenter and his room where we sat and talked, is piled on one side with lumber, and on the other next to the couch with paper portfolios. I wanted very much to get him to lend me one of the portfolios to send to you, but though he was very much touched and would have liked to,

THE CARMELITE, OCTOBER 16, 1930

and though he doesn't think of his work as precious, he said he could not part with any because he is always using them. He works from five to eight in the morning and from six to one or two at night painting, and he never knows which series he may want to develop—sometimes gets an idea about a problem he tried out in 1926 and wants that set, etc.

"He is a little short stocky fellow, about thirty-four or -five, and with the manner of a steam-engine going at full speed. I couldn't speak a word to him of course, as he knows only Hungarian and a little French; but I've seldom seen anyone whom I thought at once was so really dear. Imre is one of the few friends he has, and he loves him as a dog loves his master. We could hardly get away many times—Lajos walked home with us always, though it was far and he had a badly mended sore knee.

"Pista, his cousin, the sculptor, is as personally unlike as relatives can be, a very beautiful man with the kind of radiant look that "Gibbie" [Pauline G. Schindler] used to speak of in —, with yellow eyes and fine black head of hair. He has a regular Paris shack-studio and hordes of friends on Saturday night, talking and drinking vile black coffee. I saw at once what Imre meant when he talked so contemptuously of the Paris life—it is really a different species from anything else, isn't it? Nobody is ever willing to go home; everybody sits on the streets and drinks, and the cafes' best business hours are from twelve to three after midnight. It was a funny business for me, not being able to speak a word to anybody and watching groups of people talking excitedly without knowing what it was all about. Imre translates all the time, of course, but that is not the same as taking part in a discussion.

"We were in Paris a week and then we went on to St. Remy les Chevreuses, a little cathedral town in the south, some few hours out of Paris, and spent there ten days. We had a room in a little farmhouse where the old lady fed us salad from endives and some kind of flavored herb, *estragon*, like nothing else I ever tasted. We wanted to uproot some to send you in a box to plant in the garden but it seems they don't allow French soil to leave France. Imre finished a chorus there he had begun in Carmel and we came back to Paris and got ready to leave for Hungary with a bunch of Hungarians going back for the festival. I went through the Louvre and thought it was the worst mess I ever saw, and on the following day I went to an exhibit of all the French modernists, and it was

considerably better—at least arranged so that you could see one thing at a time. The day following we left Paris.

"We were in the same compartment with Pista Beothy, and the party had arranged that we take eighteen hours longer to go through the Austrian Tyrol by daylight. And it was really a sight. Sometime I would want to live there—up on one of those great hillsides over a river. . . .

"At Budapest we were met by Imre's sister. She had brought an old workman with her and he had brought a cart, bigger than a wheelbarrow. He loaded our six heavy suitcases and two typewriters and coats on it and proceeded to wheel it down the cobbled street. This was my first impression of Budapest—they use human beings here like animals. Everywhere you see young boys and old women and men doing the most superhuman tasks, absolutely loaded so they can hardly stagger, and climbing hills, or sitting in the gutter resting from complete exhaustion with their tons of parcels standing by.

"As for horses—there are as many as motor cars—they do things they simply can't do, and they do them by the inch. Up the hill on Szelohegy where we come every day, we see always three or four horse trucks carrying brick or iron for street sewer repairing, two horses to a wagon, steaming and gasping, and moving a few inches at a time. Sometimes quite a crowd collects watching to see if it can be done.

"They have mineral water and hot mud baths here and they are grand—and one goes to them as to one's own bathroom. They are enormous buildings, a block square, and have corridors with salons opening off, and inside the salons it looks like I drew—with white tile walls and floors and a seven-foot basin, square, sunk in the floor, and filled with strong-smelling bright green water. They shut you in there and you stay as long as you like, and lie afterwards on a red plush divan covered with an enormous bath towel, as long and wide as the couch. But afterwards you have to begin to tip everybody, the one you asked where it is, the one who showed you, the one who let you in, the one who ran the water, and then the fee for the room.

"And this is how it is here. There is a long river about four blocks wide, flat and plain gray-brown, and it's called the Danube, and it has lots of buildings on each side and everything on the Pest side where the business district is, is very flat and plain, full of low wide buildings, and it is all blue and gray colored, nothing higher than seven or eight stories and occasional factory chimneys

higher than the rest. It looks very pretty and it is usually misty, because either they have very hot days with no wind, when the sky is almost ultramarine and then the heat makes mist, and you can see the heat waving up from the streets, or else they have swell thunderstorms, all heavy clouds and lightning and heavy rains.

"And there aren't any signboards anywhere up where we live, on the Buda side of the river; it is all hills and green, and wide fields of grain or stubble and cherry and chestnut orchards, and great big stone houses with blocks of garden surrounded by iron fences and locked gates—and droves of police dogs inside that shout all night. Where we live is one of the few survivors of the old order, a frame house staggering with age, built by one Linyneni, a hardy, bent little crone with three tusks, who still presides.

"A few days after moving in I had the curious fortune to stop in at a book shop with Imre for a newspaper, and the woman proprietor asked me if I would teach English. She was Hungarian herself and spoke English rather well. She said she had studied English twenty years ago and had kept it up by reading all of the thumb-worn volumes in her shop of a serial edition of English authors. She wanted me to teach her brother. So her brother came up to the house one afternoon and turned out to be an absolutely darling tubby middle-aged philosopher-lawyer-political economist whose textbook on political philosophy is used at Columbia University. He is Dr. Engelman, a really dear person one would be glad to find and know as a friend anywhere, especially here. He comes every other day for an hour, and I certainly learn as much from him as he from me. I have developed a strong curiosity for history, a thing I never was interested in before; but somehow it gets you to be sitting on the very spot where Attila the Hun crossed and the earliest Crusade went through to Jerusalem."

A WESTON EXHIBIT

Edward Weston is planning to duplicate at the Denny-Watrous Gallery the exhibit of his prints which opened yesterday in New York. A further announcement will be made next week.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

At a state-wide gathering of public officials in a certain town that shall be nameless, the mayor of the town announced:

"I'm sure the good we'll get out of this meeting will be beyond our expectations."

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GULCH NOTES

by O. J.

BENCHES FOR CARMEL

When this scribe was admiring the rest benches on Scenic Drive, he was told there used to be benches elsewhere, even on Ocean Avenue. Can't those benches be brought back? One of the things we remember with most pleasure about the island of Capri were the benches placed in many spots where the view shouted for appreciation. These benches had "Pro Capri" painted on them, which meant, we believe, that they were supplied by a certain committee which took care of these comforts without waiting for the authorities.

Carmel has a score of spots where benches would be welcome: sea glimpses, quiet lanes, valley openings, surging hills at the end of a road. Will some old inhabitant tell us whether there is any reason why permanent public benches are not feasible? We should like to see the first bench placed at the end of Ocean Avenue parkway facing seaward, a good, big, broad, inviting seat from which one can get the tremendous sensation of the town rushing down to embrace the surf.

A bench is a quiet admission that people still have legs, and that many Carmel people make use of them.

g g

Homer Croy has left Carmel. We are sorry. Carmel is a good place for Croy, and Croy a good citizen for Carmel. He has gone to Hollywood to finish a novel, which has a leading character that interests Will Rogers. Croy and Rogers are a great team, perfectly adapted to each other. Their permanent collaboration would enrich the "talkies" with a series of simon-pure western Americans, new style.

Croy began his amused existence in the small town of Marysville, Missouri. This scribe met him at the University of Missouri. He studied there in the first school of journalism ever established. He was very long and slightly stooped with curiosity, as became a star reporter. Like all ambitious country boys he was bound straight for New York. There he became the editorial colleague of Theodore Dreiser, and the side-kick of Don Marquis, F. P. A., and other great columnists. He wrote millions of words for the humor papers. He lived in the old Judson Hotel (which, by the way,

was the first hotel-church combination, antedating Rockefeller's new skyscraper church by thirty years.)

Croy's "West of the Water Tower" was a best seller. Later came "They Had to See Paris," the "talkie" version of which Will Rogers produced. Croy says he loves to write gloomy stories, but his readers object.

You would think that after having been through that mill, Croy would have emerged a baccalaureate in sophistication. Think of it, journalism, the intrigue of magazine offices, the humorous papers and Hollywood. Well, that's the odd thing about him. His gaze is as limpid as a mountain spring, his countenance as clear as Carmel skies. He has not appreciably changed in twenty-five years. He is the same boy, interested in people. Everything about people—but so oddly ungodly.

It can't be because Croy has forgotten. He will tell you a story of years ago and remember the color of the buttons on the man's coat. No, just a remarkable case of unconquerable candor and innocence. He is so innocent that at a luncheon party given by Lord Alfred Douglas in France, he asked his host if he had known Oscar Wilde. Frank Harris saved the day by booming across the room, "Why man, he's the fellow who put Wilde over." But I guess a lot of people have forgotten the Douglas and Wilde story—and that's a good thing too. Most of the nineties are well worth forgetting.

Croy's book, "Headed for Hollywood," will be first serialized and then published by Harper's.

g g

The poorest service France could have done America was to transform W. R. Hearst into a sainted martyr, and let loose the floods of applesauce from American mayors of Hearst-press cities.

g g

Description of Einstein in a letter from Germany: "Old baby in the midst of a cloud of white hair."

g g

Says Dr. Laurence Bass-Becking, physiologist, of the Marine Laboratory at Pacific Grove: "Nature will say 'yes' to almost any question you put to her—if you want her to. It is the yes of the preoccupied parent."

g g

No article published in Carmel for some time has been commented on more widely and approvingly than the virile de-

THE CARMELITE, OCTOBER 16, 1930

fense of Assistant Postmaster Raymond Brown in last week's Carmelite. A perfectly obvious explanation of the tragedy exists in the fact that Mr. Brown was shell-shocked in the war. Specialists who know the effects of shell-shock manifesting themselves even many years afterward would not be mildly surprised at the outcome in this case.

g g

There's a notable little bird in the gulch nowadays, and I suppose elsewhere in Carmel. It is the golden crown sparrow. It has three descending notes, and when it utters those three notes you can't help thinking that it says, "Oh dear me." Perhaps it isn't a bad as that, but anyway the song has just the proper degree of plaintiveness for this too beautiful plaintive season.

g g

Greta Schuyler was saying that she wanted to go to Africa. As she is only eleven years old, someone suggested that she go to Africa in her mind. "Oh no," said Greta, "I like the bumpy part."

g g

PERIOD CONSCIOUSNESS

What we would like most to be is a period-conscious person. We mean by that a person who is intensely aware of all the human periods that have preceded him and who therefore lives more vividly and consciously in his own period.

If all people were period-conscious, the world would quickly be in a position to learn by its long experience. Yet every generation comes into a world apparently without previous experience. Thomas Hardy said in his diary: "Had the teachings of experience grown cumulatively with the age of the world we should have been ere now as great as God."

God is another name for the period-consciousness of the world. When at a certain age you sum up all your past as certain age you sum up all your past as in a crucible, and apply its balanced energy to living in the present, you are period-conscious.

When Carmel, remembering all the drastic things that have happened to it, is still determined to live unchanged at heart, it is period-conscious. Carmel must change and grow like every other living and beautiful thing. But if Carmel is period-conscious it will not forget what it was. It will grow and change in its own way, which is such an interesting secret that half the world wants to know how it is done.

Ella Winter in Russia

Ella Winter writes from London that she and Lincoln Steffens will remain there during the fall while Lincoln Steffens completes the manuscript of his autobiography for Harcourt, Brace & Company. Both expect to return to Carmel in February.

While Ella Winter was in Russia she met many Americans, among them Rhys Williams. She returned enthusiastic over Russian industry and the new Five-Year Plan of the Soviets. The following paragraphs are taken from an article recently published by her in the Paris edition of the New York "Herald"

* * *

There are three United States Senators who can throw light on the dumping and other irritating questions arising between Russia and the United States. They are Alvin W. Barkley, Bronson Cutting and Burton K. Wheeler, who went into Russia in a party, of which Dr. Francis Sayre, professor of international law at Harvard and son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson, was also a member. The party went in to see and to hear; and they saw and they heard. This I know because I was with them and I heard them hear, saw them see, and it seemed to me that we all came to understand what was what in this "country of contradictions" which every observer sees and every visitor reports differently.

What I came to understand as to dumping, for example, was that the Five-Year Plan was putting a voluntary pressure upon everybody to eat, wear and use as little as possible in order to sell everything they could abroad for the purpose of raising cash to import, pay for and get going the buildings, machinery, men and materials needed to set up—in five years—a national organization for production and distribution in Russia; to bring to the level of the twentieth century United States a country largely living still in the Middle Ages.

It was hard, this policy of self-sacrifice. It was, for its peace purpose, just such a hardship as other countries face for and during a war. And when we talked with the Russians about it, whether they were officials or the people, they explained that they had to sell abroad what they would have liked to consume because they had no long-term foreign credits; unlike Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and other countries, they had to pay cash.

... And they could not go back on the Five-Year Plan in Russia even if they wished to, for, as one resident put

it, "industrialization begets industrialization. . . . The moment one factory is started it needs the products of a dozen other factories—nails, copper wire, steel parts, glass, lathes—the pace accelerates of itself."

American engineers in many parts of Russia are champing with impatience because they cannot get this, that and the other commodity they need—they cannot get enough skilled bricklayers, there is a shortage of bricks, or the quality is not good enough because they have been made in such a hurry. On the banks of the Oka river, twelve miles out of Nijni Novgorod, where the new Ford factory is growing out of the steppes—and an ideal city next to it planned to house fifty thousand workers at the factory—we saw, working side by side, steel cranes imported from Germany, wooden cranes made by the American engineers, and men carrying slabs of stone weighing a hundred pounds on their backs from the barges which had come down the Volga to trucks waiting to carry them to the works. There is a shortage of men too, in spite of the population of one hundred and sixty millions and a yearly increase of three and a quarter millions.

... Everywhere in Russia where industrialization has penetrated is this intense activity. In Moscow it seemed every second street was torn up and being repaved, usually in concrete. In Leningrad national treasures, such as the Winter Palace, were being restored and repainted. Blocks of buildings are springing up, workmen's dwellings, government offices, palaces of culture, hospitals, clubs, nursery schools and, of course, factories. At the Putilov factory in Leningrad, twenty-three thousand workers are turning out tractors and locomotives. Up till now they had only assembled the imported parts, and we saw the first tractor that had been made

there altogether, on which the last coat of paint was not yet dry.

... The Russian is changing: from the dreamer of the novels of the great Russian writers he is being transformed into a worker with muscles of steel and iron will; into a fanatical believer in economic determinism. The peasant girl is today a tractor driver—if she has not gone into the towns to be a factory worker. Many of them are bad mechanics yet; many tractors and some machinery are ruined because they over-work it, do not oil and clean it, do not understand the delicate adjustments, or take it to pieces as a child takes a watch to pieces to see how it is made. But they intensely admire it.

The senators went out into the country to see the "collectives"—the agricultural revolution which is still under way and more difficult to achieve than the industrial, because the peasant is more individualistic and conservative than the town worker. Twelve million peasants are now working on collective farms, each of which has or is getting its cultural adjuncts—creche, nursery school, hospital, club, moving picture theatre, library and radio. The dispossessed *kulaks* are working other land, usually poorer strips, or they are in the lumber mills—with their wives and families—and being paid for their work and allowed their rations and their holidays—but "forced," yes, forced in the sense that all labor in Russia is forced, because he who does not work may not live.

Everyone who has seen Russia since the revolution has seen her under "extraordinary" conditions—war, civil war, famine—something always was the matter. And so we saw her under the extraordinary condition of strain, self-sacrifice and compulsion to achieve prosperity—an effort to achieve a United States in five years.

ORPHEUS AND THE ETHER

By JOHN MALTA, in "The New Republic"

[*"The New Republic"* says of Mr. Malta that he is a carpenter living in Carmel]

There was no song once; on Olympus' height
The cold cloud-ministers of majesty
Measured their utterance slowly as a tree
Develops its tall thought; the gods made Light
Profoundly. Sitting in Unbeing's sight
Chose out of chaos what they willed to be.
Minute by minute through Eternity
They built the huge black body of the Night.
And when it stood, from cell to chromosphere,
And star to star answered with blinding gas,
The triumph was majestic, but not dear—
The high gods faced a heavenly impasse.
The creature freed creation from disgrace;
He made a song that cannot end in space.

MUCH ADO ABOUT MURALS

With interest fanned to the burning point by objections to Communistic Diego Rivera's commission to paint San Francisco Stock Exchange murals, plans are going ahead to exhibit work of the noted Mexican painter in San Francisco.

The California Palace of the Legion of Honor will exhibit Rivera paintings starting October twenty-third so that the bay district may see exactly the manner of artistic endeavor which has won the Mexican an international reputation.

Rivera, expelled from the Communist party a year ago, will arrive late in the month to start work on the Stock Exchange murals, which will depict the commercial, industrial and financial progress of California. Edward Weston, a close friend of Rivera, expects the artist to visit Carmel during his California sojourn.

Announcement that Rivera had been

granted the commission disturbed the art colony of San Francisco vastly, there being loud protests that a former Communist could not do justice to scenes exemplifying a thing in which he does not believe.

Officers of the Stock Exchange, however, refused to become alarmed over Rivera's Communistic tendencies and refused to heed the demands that a San Francisco artist be substituted for him.

As a matter of fact, most observers believe that the protest was a phase of artistic competition—that the San Francisco painters resented being shunted aside, losing to Rivera a commission which carries with it a sizeable fee.

Rivera himself insisted that the cry of Communism was merely a smoke screen put forward by those wanting the commission. He said that he and Communism had parted company and that his former beliefs would have no bearing on the execution of the Stock Exchange murals.

Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

Continue! from last week

If you have read all of the instalments of this comedy of errors of mine, you may remember me bringing in the name of George Ulmer and promising to tell you about this eccentric. George was clever, entertaining, a good actor, a great fixer when his company was in straits—which it was most of the time—and a boon companion of yours in a half hour after you first met him. He was the greatest "con" man that ever worked outside of the law.

George was a Grand Army man, having enlisted as a drummer boy in the Civil War at the age of fourteen. He was with a Maine regiment that saw three years of tough fighting and maybe he didn't work on that record! He belonged to several secret societies also—and they helped a lot.

I was with him twice. Once it was when he went out starring in "Colonel Sellers," and if you've read this child of Mark Twain's brain you've had a perfect description of George Ulmer. His wife, Lizzie May, an excellent soubrette of the "old school" type, had died and George went on starring single-handed. We seldom played to a decent house and when we did Ulmer always had so many bills to pay (so he said) that we were in luck to get laundry money out of him. But somehow he stood off landlords, got his paper for bill-posting, and kept an agent ahead digging up towns for us to play, although several times I asked George after breakfast where we were to play and he'd reply, "I don't know yet; I haven't heard from the agent."

I would ask Ulmer time and time again for a dollar or two for change, but he'd make up a sad story of bills to pay and before I'd leave him he would ask me to have a drink and perhaps spend over the bar more than I had asked for. None of us could leave the show for none of us had the fare to get even to Chicago. But one day George stubbed his toe. He asked me to have a drink; we went to the hotel bar. I hadn't tried to "touch" him for some days, so, not realizing his danger, he put a twenty dollar bill down for payment. There was some local acquaintance on his left and George was filling him full of "hot air." The bartender placed the change, an imperial fortune—nineteen dollars and seventy-cents—almost in front of me as Ulmer's head was turned to his new friend. Did I hesitate, did I ponder? Not for a

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moment. I reached and scooped that money up, had a firm clutch on it just as George turned and saw what I had done. Not wishing to start a row before the prospective "touch" he was jollying, he hissed out of the corner of his mouth, "You give me that money," to which I replied in just as hissing, and as low a tone as he, "You go to hell." George turned back to his friend and continued the story he was telling. I went into the hotel office and waited for him. He came in alone. Murder was in his eye. Again a demand for the nineteen seventy. Once more from me came an invitation for him to take an undesirable journey. More fast ones from both of us and in the midst of the barrage I unfolded the plot to my angry manager.

"George," said I, "Now that I have the fare to Chicago, you had better get a new boy by this time next week, for I'm through then." That was oil on troubled waters, as George knew that it would be hard to get anyone to replace me since the profession was aware of his bad business that season.

I then pulled the second act of the plot. I told him, "I'll stay on one condition—that you give me three dollars every night for me to tuck away in reserve, and any night it isn't handed out is my last night with you." After a lot of grumbling he agreed. It was that extra three a night that enabled me a month later to pay the fares of the entire company into Chicago from a town in the same state, Aurora, I think.

As I said, George was a wonder in making hotel landlords believe that their bill would be paid in the next town, and Mister Landlord or his clerk would join the company to collect. They expected to be away only a day, but, sad to say, many of them travelled with us for many days and never got a cent. Ulmer would see to it that they—the tourists—paid their own hotel bills as they went along, and if they didn't they were simply out of luck, for then and there they ceased to be actors, staying in the town until they were redeemed by their own hotel.

While we had any of them with us they thought they were actors, for we made them go on as supernumeraries, even black up to appear as darkies. Odd as it seems, hardly believable to outsiders but we had four of them all at one time. Later on the remembrance of that four was so funny that I fixed up a parody on Billy Scanlon's famous song "Plain Mally O," one verse of which was devoted to the boys who tried to collect hotel bills from George Ulmer. Here's all I remember of it:

*We've got seven landlords travelling with the show;
They've all gone busted and home they cannot go;
We make them sing in choruses, put cork upon their face.
We've telegraphed the agent—the next landlord must sing bass.*

One of Ulmer's prize stunts he pulled off when we got into Lincoln Nebraska. The legislature was in session; George became acquainted with the lieutenant-governor and a bunch of senators. We were to play Monday and Tuesday. You can hardly believe it but he induced that bunch of law-makers to serve as a jury in the trial scene. In other words, they were just plain "supers"; or, as they are called in the movies, "atmosphere." In fact, they were in the same class as the travelling landlords, but that collection of Nebraska dignitaries were as tickled and as important as a lot of high school girls the first time out in a school play. Gee! they were funny—all legislators generally are, but these chaps were the limit. Each one really thought that he was an important cog in the machine, whereas we often played it without any jury at all. Ulmer stuck a scene in where they were selected and friends out front would applaud them as their names were called and as they would walk across the stage to the jury box—half of them tripping over their feet, and each stumble was good for a big laugh. That tickled them pink.

Perhaps Ulmer didn't play it up in the newspapers—his "con" talk got him front page headlines. We packed them Monday, and as we really gave a good show we did quite a good business Tuesday. But that was the only real business we did the entire season.

Another time I was with Ulmer was

during a tough season. I joined him knowing I would get "food and lodging" and hoping I would get some money.

The star was Cora Van Tassel, a rather good soubrette; George was the manager. We went on the rocks in Richmond, Indiana. The company went into a huddle and decided that Ulmer was a punk manager, but we would keep on with two hundred dollars Miss Van Tassel raised somewhere. No more Ulmer would we have. George bowed out to no applause.

I was appointed manager. I was also appointed advance agent and in order to keep me out of mischief in the evening I was allowed to remain the leading man of the troupe. We went into a repertoire of three plays and I booked the show in Kentucky for a spell.

Dear friends and neighbors, and all others who aren't such, let me tell you that was some job; or, I should say, some jobs. (Oh, I forgot—between the acts every night I did a specialty, a different one every night.)

I would have to jump on to the next town we were to play, which I would book by mail, and there attend to the billing and newspapers, and get back in time to play at night. In between the acts, I would count up the house with the local manager. I'd settle all bills, arrange transportation, rehearse new plays we were adding and then in my spare time I could sleep.

We did a nice comfortable business for a couple of months; were able each week to pay some salary to each one—not much, to be sure, but some—and closed in a town called Cyntheana. I distinctly remember that town; it had several fine old and distinguished distilleries in it. (To be continued.)

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**A MILESTONE IN THE LIFE
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editor and a poet herself, still at the helm. As she says, in her editorial celebrating the event, it is three times as long as any other publication of its kind has survived. It has been a noble story; not without struggle and discouragement; but "Poetry" has always kept its freshness, its enthusiasm, its interest, and therefore, its faithful body of readers.

A roster of its contributors would not only include the great, but nearly all of the large class of lesser distinguished lyrists of America. Its position has from the beginning been central, dominating the field. It has covered the "right wing" of poets as well as the best of the extreme left. Its issue of October contains, as always, contributions of the famous alongside beginners in the art, and those whose position is yet undetermined. It has always rewarded the sincere effort. And finally, it has paid its poets. May it live on!

We believe readers of *The Carmelite* will be glad to hear Harriet Monroe speaking in person of her eighteen years as skipper of this precarious, adventurous, yet bright-sailed brig of literature, and we publish below a part of her birthday editorial called "Coming of Age":

"Eighteen years is the legal age of manhood in many countries, and of womanhood in certain of these states. If not the age of wisdom, it is at least the age when folly must meet the challenge of wisdom, and develop its philosophy for the uses of life. For a magazine it is a fair age if one counts up averages in the life of periodicals, and for a poetry magazine it is a prodigious and phenomenal long life. We may claim to have broken the record; no other venture of the kind, since the invention of printing made such ventures possible, has reached a third of our annual milestones. "Eighteen years ago this month, when the first number of 'Poetry' went out to an incredulous world, nobody—least of all the editor—would have predicted for the venture so long a journey. And amid the portents and hazards of initiation nobody—least of all the editor—would have expected such prompt and emphatic ratification of her idea as the poets offered in those early issues, such unmistakable proof that the art needed an organ, that the magazine filled a long-felt want and would evoke, from the poets to whom it was dedicated, an appreciative response.

"After the varied experience of those eighteen years the editor still feels that her case is proved. The art requires, for vigorous and active life, an organ to represent its aims and fight its battles. Indeed, it needs two or three or a dozen

THE CARMELITE, OCTOBER 16, 1930

organs to speak for its different groups and keep up a healthy opposition to authoritative attitudes.

"This need is so vital as to demand and justify adequate support—if not from the public then from private subsidies. Eighteen years ago we dreamed of winning the ten thousand subscribers whose two or three dollars a year would enable the magazine to carry on without further support from guarantors. Today we know that even five thousand are beyond the reach of any bells we are able to ring, that any summons to the lyric feast must contend against loud clamors of popular taste and the bold advertising of publications which appeal to it. We feel therefore that men and women of sufficient wealth and culture should subsidize poetry in the same manner—of course spirit which has long prompted their large offerings to the other arts. When millions are given to museums and institutes of art and architecture, to colleges and universities, to orchestras and other musical foundations, there is no reason why poets should be denied their proper audience and be paid with starvation wages or with nothing at all. The time may come when some enlightened man of wealth will tire of collecting dead manuscripts and million-dollar old masters and will found instead a Nobel Prize for poets preferring the advancement of a living art to the expensive accumulation of antiquities.

"If poetry magazines and prize awards were as numerous and as powerfully backed as art institutions—if each city felt it as a matter of pride to support something of the kind—and if these all put up a fighting front for the art, poets would be in less danger of starvation, and of the disrespect which is visited in these days upon beggarliness. And would it be good for them and their product? I answer without hesitation, fortified by these years of experience, that it would be an incalculable stimulus. And would it be good for the community? I answer that any community which has a group of poets writing and printing their efforts has a little centre of intellectual and emotional excitement which will contend against the drying-up process—the hardening and standardizing of individual and communal life—which is the greatest danger, save war, which our civilization faces. Yes, even if the product be mostly bad, this publicity will release energies which, by their action and reaction, will tend to improve it. And it will act as a summons to whatever talent may be lying dormant and unsuspected in the community, developing perhaps some voice which would not otherwise have spoken."

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 My Best Story

UPTON SINCLAIR TRANSLATION

Upton Sinclair has circulated a booklet containing a bibliography of his published works which have been translated into foreign languages. It is astonishing to learn that these run into five hundred and twenty-five titles and have appeared in thirty-four countries. Remote lands and languages such as Japan, China, Ceylon and Finland are included. In Japanese thirty titles are listed, and in Chinese nineteen. There seems little doubt that Upton Sinclair's works have been more widely circulated throughout the world than any other American writings, except perhaps the Declaration of Independence. It would be interesting to see comparative statistics.

Churches

COMMUNITY CHURCH

(From a Correspondent.)

Following up the interesting study of "Human Survival," the further enquiry relative to the true nature of man will be the theme of the study-sermon at the Carmel Community Church on Sunday morning next at eleven o'clock. "What is Man that Thou art mindful of Him," will be the subject for the day. Departing from the outworn definition that man is a body which has a soul, the Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw will discuss the subject from the psychical point of view, asserting rather that man is a spirit which for a time dwells in a body. What are the discernable marks in human behavior telling us indisputably of this spiritual nature? A most cordial invitation is extended toward all to hear this unusual discussion.

Advance notice is here given of "An Evening of Religious Music from the Music-Dramas of the World" to be presented at the Carmel Community Church on Sunday evening, November ninth. Make a note of this date on your calendar.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Doctrine of Atonement" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Then answered Jesus and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge: and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me" (John 5:19, 30).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "When the human element in him struggled wth the divine, our great Teacher said: 'Not my will, but Thine, be done!'—that is, Let not the flesh, but the Spirit, be represented in me. This is the new understanding of spiritual Love. It gives all for Christ, or Truth. It blesses its enemies, heals the sick, casts out error, raises the dead from trespasses and sins, and preaches the gospel to the poor, the meek in heart" (p. 33).

Could You

Stop

Reading

If

Inducement

Were

Offered

?

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., Required by the Act of Con-
gress of August 24, 1912.

Of THE CARMELITE, published weekly
at Carmel, California for October 1,
1930.

County of Monterey)
State of California)^{ss}.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for
the State and County aforesaid, personally
appeared Joseph A. Coughlin, who,
having been duly sworn according to
law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Carmelite and
that the following is, to the best of his
knowledge and belief, a true statement
of the ownership, management (and if a
daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the
aforesaid publication for the date shown
in the above caption, required by the
Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in
section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations,
printed on the reverse of this
form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the
publisher, editor, managing editor, and
business managers are:

Publisher, Joseph A. Coughlin, Carmel,
Editor, Joseph A. Coughlin.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Joseph A. Coughlin.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a
corporation, its name and address must
be stated and also immediately there-
under the names and addresses of stock-
holders owning or holding one per cent
or more of total amount of stock. If not
owned by a corporation, the names and
addresses of the individual owners must
be given. If owned by a firm, company
or other unincorporated concern, its
name and address, as well as those of
each individual member, must be
given.)

Joseph A. Coughlin, Carmel, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mort-
gagors, and other security holders own-
ing or holding 1 per cent or more of to-
tal amount of bonds, mortgages, or other
securities are: (If there are none, so
state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above,
giving the names of the owners, stock-
holders, and security holders, if any,
contain not only the list of stockholders
and security holders as they appear upon
the books of the company but also, in
cases where the stockholder or security
holder appears upon the books of the
company as trustee or in any other fiduciary
relation, the names of the person or
corporation for whom such trustee is
acting, is given; also that the said two
paragraphs contain statements embrac-

THREE WISE MEN

AND—A GIRL

I was a "Judge" for a day. I was ex-
pected to judge beauty. I and two other
silly men agreed to select one, and one
only, to be the "Senorita of the Fair"—
otherwise Gouverneur Morris, Francis
McComas and myself fell victims to the
wiles of Sam Morse and quite agreed
with Sam that we knew more about fe-
male loveliness than any three men in
the state. After we got into this Battle
of the Skirts, we asked each other, "Why
didn't Morse do this himself?"

By process of elimination the entrants
were down to a field of twelve when we
took hold. We took hold with a firm
grip—just as you do with one of those
electric battery things when you can't
let go of the handles once the current is
turned on.

I said there were but twelve girls to be
reviewed, but what a twelve. Twelve
of the prettiest trouble-makers, that
ever swished a Spanish skirt to tantalize
man. They passed us in a parade and
we threw out half of them as losers,
but didn't tell them so. Another parade
of the "Darling Dozen" and we put
back the six and checked against three
of the six that scored on the first lap.
Then we lined them up under searching
lights and looked them over carefully.
That took some time as they were cer-
tainly good to look at, and we decided to
re-instate the last three and try again to
pick eleven losers. After which we
went out into the open air to settle our
nerves and gasp for air.

"Who proposed this damn contest?"
Gouverneur Morris asked. "Sam Morse,"
I answered, "And why not let us resign
and let him finish it—it would serve him
right."

We discussed the proposition at length,
but finally dropped it as we all knew

ing affiant's full knowledge and belief as
to the circumstances and conditions un-
der which stockholders and security
holders who do not appear upon the
books of the company as trustees, hold
stock and securities in a capacity other
than that of a bona fide owner; and this
affiant has no reason to believe that any
person, association, or corporation has
any interest direct or indirect in the said
stock, bonds, or other securities than as
so stated by him.

JOSEPH A. COUGHLIN
Sworn to and subscribed before me this
7th day of October, 1930.

F. O. ROBBINS,
(SEAL) Notary Public
My commission expires March 26, 1934.

THE CARMELITE, OCTOBER 16, 1930

that Sam was dodging all work now-
adays.

Then McComas let the artist come to the
surface and proposed that we take mea-
surements to find the perfect one.
Morris and I said "Great" and each pro-
posed loudly and strongly, in our best
tone of martyrdom, that we be the one
to do the measuring. Francis put an
end to the argument, which was becom-
ing quite heated, when he told us that
the measurements were to be of the face
only. "Measurements" motion was laid
on the table and the unholy three march-
ed back to face the enemy.

We looked them over, and over, and
over, and decided that we'd retreat to
Colton Hall, and there in the shadow
of California's most historic structure,
in the midst of its beautiful and restful
gardens and lawns, we would find cour-
age to pluck the Rose of Roses and say
she is the most beautiful of maidens.

Music, languishing music from half a
hundred languorous players who had
draped themselves over the front of the
old capitol filled the air with a sweet-
ness that rivalled that of the flowers.
The Bewildering Beauties strolled around
the grounds each with content in her
heart, knowing that she was the "Per-
fect One."

"My God! Let's get this thing over
with," Morris exclaimed. "Yes, let's,"
agreed McComas and Sheridan.

"Well, who is the one?" Gouverneur
asked. "Damned if I know," chorused
the other two sad selectors.

I'm not going to tell you by what meth-
od we arrived at choosing Rosamond
Estrada to be the "Senorita of the Fair,"
but we did it. I don't know whose idea
brought about this, what might be called
a "Tragedy for Three," or who it was
that said I was an expert on female love-
liness, but I have my suspicions and with
that suspicion uppermost in my mind I
heartily hope that Harvard beats Yale
this year by three touchdowns, one for
Francis McComas, one for Gouverneur
Morris and one for

FRANK SHERIDAN.

MAGAZINE MARRIAGE

"Marriage Stories," in changing its name
to "Marriage Confessions," explains as
follows: "The new title is more inclus-
ive of the magazine's contents, and will
help to add a great group of new readers
who like to read stories concerning the
problems of matrimony. This opens
the field of readers to those presently
in wedlock, and to those who contem-
plate matrimony." The editor did not
say and that the sole purpose of marriage
was to make his magazine profitable.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

JOE SCHOENINGER EDITOR

OUR VIEWS

THE MONTEREY COUNTY FAIR

We went over to the fair last Friday. Friday was the day that the School boards set aside for the Children on the Peninsula. So we all went over and had a good time. I thought that I would like the carnival best, but found that I liked the exhibits much better. I went on a few things at the carnival and felt pretty bum. I sat down with a number of others who felt the same and rested. Then we went to the exhibits. First there was a tent with a lot of the newest automobiles in the front. At the rear there were a lot of exhibits that came from everywhere. The Monterey Peninsula Herald had an interesting exhibit and many other Peninsula merchants did, also. The next tent was filled with poultry and I never saw such huge chickens and roosters in my life. Then there were some keen rabbits, but I wouldn't want the job of cleaning some of those real fluffy ones. Then there was agricultural tent, a flower tent and an exhibition of farm implements. It sure was worth it!

THE SEA HARE

Sunday afternoon Caroldean Murphy came running over to my house in breathless excitement. I asked her what was wrong and she said that her grandfather had been on the beach and had discovered some new kind of sea-life.

After going down and inspecting it, we decided to call up Miss Smith, the Nature Study teacher at Sunset School, because we thought she would like to see it. She said she would love to see it, and came right down in her car. We took a bucket and went down where it was. Miss Smith informed us that it was a Sea Hare and the largest she had ever seen.

"The reason it is called a Sea Hare," she replied to our questions, "is that it

OCTOBER

16, 1930

NUMBER

32

Miscellaneous Mishaps

COLLECTED BY DANNY LOCKWOOD.

Tender-foot: What's worse than a girafe with a sore throat?

First Class: A centipeed with sore ankels.

Anthony to Bil Veach: You have less understanding than I because my feet are bigger.

Hot: What's the difference in the way a barber and a sculptor die?

Bothered: A barber curls up and dyes, while the sculptor makes faces and busts.

Caroldean M.: What leaves you quickest at the fair?

Lefty O.: A dollar.

SOMETHING ABOUT CANADA

No. 4—The Northern Interior.

The northern interior of the province of British Columbia is even more interesting than the rest. I think it has the best climate and scenery, in short is just wonderful.

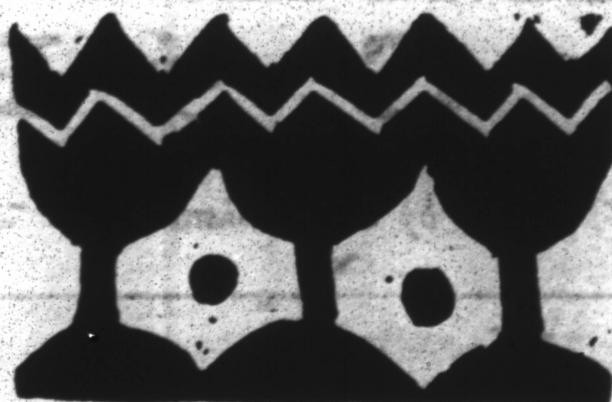
Where I came from, north of Prince George, which is on the northern route to Prince Rupert of the Canadian National Railway, is the best part. I don't think that it is ever more than thirty degrees below zero there in the winter. The snow often falls to a depth of seven or eight feet and there is usually about four or five feet of ice on the lake.

The snow comes in storms that last a few days, the weather then clears up and is gloriously beautiful and around midday is even as warm as the days in Carmel have been lately. The snow is very dry and crisp, and packs easily. Then come the winter sports, snow-shoeing, skiing, tobogganing, ice-skating and sleighing and the long winter evenings are ideal for reading.

The summer is even more lovely. When we were there we lived in our bathing costumes, the water was beautifully warm and too it was lovely to walk down the needle covered forest trail and gather the lovely Indian paint-brushes, star flowers, lupins, twin-flowers and bunch berries.

But when the fall comes and with it the Indian summer the forest is lovelier still. The feathery heads of golden-rod droop across the paths and the firewood burst its pods.

Joyce Burtt.



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is on the pumpkins—
you'll need this
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